

Raindrops and Tears

by Spongecatdog

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Summary: The rain was pouring down so hard that Hiccup couldn't tell the difference between the tears and rain water anymore. He couldn't even see five feet in front of him. Hiccup wasn't sure he even wanted to see five feet in front of him. No, he decided, the sight his eyes would meet would be too much for a fishbone like me. Despite this, Hiccup had to walk forward.

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****A/N:** Ahaha this is exactly why I shouldn't be allowed to write angst. In my defense, I was originally going to write hurt/comfort, but then feels happened, and things went horribly out of control.******

****Also,** there are mentions of death, so uh...look forward to that. Yeah. Have fun, kids~!******

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><p>The rain was pouring down so hard that Hiccup couldn't tell the difference between the tears and rain water anymore. He couldn't even see five feet in front of him. Hiccup wasn't sure he even wanted to see five feet in front of him. No, he decided, the sight his eyes would meet would be too much for a fishbone like me. Despite this, Hiccup had to walk forward. He didn't know why. Maybe it was to prove to himself that his eyes were lying. Maybe it was because he was secretly a masochist. Either way, Hiccup pushed forward.

Wide, disbelieving eyes stared at the hole in the frozen lake. A choking sob forced its way up his burning throat. He couldn't breathe, couldn't breathe just like Jack couldn't now. Hiccup forced himself to look for Jack's sister. She was there too, and Hiccup didn't know how he would handle it if both of them had di-...gone under the ice. She was standing on the ice a couple feet

away, looking as shocked as Hiccup felt. Hiccup stumbled over to pull her away from the (deep, dark, freezing, _deathly_) water.

He had shuffled to Jack's house with Jack's sister's hand firmly in his (he didn't feel it though, not really). The opening of the door into the what was normally warm home now felt icy cold. Hiccup numbly led the young girl inside and sat her down. When he looked around, everything reminded him of Jack. He had to get out and away. There was no way he could do this here and now. So even against his better judgement, Hiccup stumbled out of the frightfully chilling house. He pretended he didn't hear Jack's mom's worried calls.

Hiccup didn't know where his feet were leading him until his shimmering green orbs were staring blankly at the lake. All at once, everything came crashing down. Hiccup could do little against the heart-crushing feelings and simply fell down to his knees. Tears began flowing down his cheeks, and his wails filled the air. His fists were punching the hard ground. Hiccup didn't stop even when his raw knuckles started bleeding. He didn't even stop when his throat was raw to the point he knew he wouldn't be able to speak for the next few days. Hiccup barely heard a high-pitched scream that told him someone must have given Mrs. Overland the news.

Hiccup fell back and stared at the starry sky. He couldn't scream anymore, and his eyes had run out of tears. Still, solemn whimpers made their way into the chilly night air. With no noise, his mind was left to listen to itself.

'Why wasn't it me?'

'Why Jack?'

'Its not fair.'

'It should have been _me_.'

'I didn't even get to tell him that _I love him._'

The last thought to go through his weary mind before he fell asleep was that someone should really tell the white haired teen dancing on the lake that it was dangerous out there.

End
file.